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STRAPPING HIM ON.

A RESPECTFUL SUGGESTION, IN ADVANCE, FOR SOME OF OUR AMATEUR STEEPLE-CHASE RIDERS.

AN INTERVIEW.

It was not without a certain amount of difficulty that I obtained the privilege of an interview with Mr. SLOGGINGTON BLOWFROG, the latest of those novelists who have "arrived." On my announcing myself at his front door, he at once took refuge in flight, and it was only after a heated chase that I ran him down in the cupboard beneath the kitchen stairs, a very pretty apartment, which the author has fitted up for the reception of blocks of Wallsend and Silkstone, Derby Brights, and other mineral products of a like nature.

"Perhaps, if you are so averse to being interviewed—" I began, but a frown on the great writer's brow arrested me.

"No," he said, "don't go. You see, a little chase after me lends an added zest to the interviewer's keenness for copy. And now let us start in the customary manner. No, I am not a writer by birth. I studied originally for the profession of dustman, and followed that calling for several years with, perhaps I may be allowed to say, considerable success. I am inclined to think that nothing is more likely to fit one for the production of *fin de siècle* literature than dust collecting and the constant association with garbage of all kinds. It is a great qualification for the work of the modern 'hill-top' novelist. What did the public think of my *Three Monkeys in the Dusthole*?" he broke off suddenly. "Realistic, wasn't it?" Then, pensively scratching the tip of his ear with a fork, he resumed, "It was a work in which my wife helped me very materially. Of course that adds greatly to the value of anything one writes nowadays: in fact, it is almost a *sine quâ non*—ah, I suppose you don't speak Spanish? forgive me—that the (interviewed) writer should be helped by his wife. Wifely help is all the 'go' just now. How do I work, you ask? Well, I usually rise at midnight, eat a hearty meal of tea and shrimps, then work till about 4 A.M. . . . My favourite seat whilst at work? Oh, I usually sit in the scullery sink. By the way, you might like these few photographs of me, in various attitudes, for reproduction in your journal. Too many to carry? Very well, I'll have them packed in a crate and sent on by CARTER, PATTERSON. But to resume. At 4 A.M. I go for a ride on

my bike, or play shove-halfpenny for an hour with the milkman round the corner; then I return and go to bed— Excuse me a moment." And my host picked up a richly-jewelled inkstand, and hurled it, with marvellous precision, through the window at a black Tom-cat on the lawn. "And now please go. I have to work at fifteen different magazine stories. You see, the public will have the lion of the hour—for just so long as he is the lion of the hour, *bien entendu*—pardon me, perhaps you don't understand Italian? . . . My next great work? Well, I need hardly tell you that all novels nowadays must be of low life, and no neighbourhood more aristocratic than Lambeth should be dealt with. A strong incident in my new book is the marriage of BILL BUGGINS, the Labour agitator, who despises capital, vested interests and personal cleanliness, to the proud but consumptive Russian Princess ORFULKORFF. And now, will you take a pot of four ale? No? Well, then, goodbye. Don't put in a lot of compliments about my personal appearance, or my house, or wife, or dog— By the way, that dog was presented to me by one of the Crowned Heads. . . . No, I sha'n't tell you which—who brought him all the way from Leadenhall Market on a string. You won't put in any compliments, will you?"

"Certainly not, if you—"

"Ah, you take me too literally," interrupted the great novelist, hastily. "Do just as you like about it," and a pleasant smile lit up the mobile face with its rolling eye and massive nose, in which the rich, red blood shows boldly and perpetually at the tip. "And now," he concluded, playfully fingering a heavy paper-weight, "if you don't go, I shall have to treat you as I treated *Thomas le noir*. Again, pardon me for using the dead languages."

And keeping an eye on my genial host, I left the room—backwards.

THE betrothal was recently announced of the Princess THEODORA of Saxe-Meiningen (the home of the celebrated theatrical troupe) to Prince HENRY XXX. of Reuss. An "Ex-Prince" is of no great value, but a Prince who is "treble X." must be a strong potentate—quite a quart-pot-entate.



THE WINDFALL.

Mr. Ratepayer. "I say, MARIA, THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HAS TAKEN A FARTHING IN THE POUND OFF THE RATES FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS!"

Mrs. R. "HAVE THEY, DEAR! THEN—NOW WE CAN GO TO MONTE CARLO!"



"THEM ARTISES!"

Lady Artist. "DO YOU BELONG TO THAT SHIP OVER THERE?"

Sailor. "YES, MISS."

Lady Artist. "THEN WOULD YOU MIND LOOSENING ALL THOSE ROPES? THEY ARE MUCH TOO TIGHT, AND, BESIDES, I CAN'T DRAW STRAIGHT LINES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MRS. ROBERT JOCELYN'S *Only a Love Story* (HUTCHINSON) is, to be more precise, several love stories. But they all centre round the *Lady Veronica Brackendale*, and my Baronite does not wonder, for she is a charming girl. In the end, she marries decidedly the best of her troop of admirers. The plot is not very profound, but it is unfolded in sprightly fashion, illumined by many flashes of keen insight. The literary style is deplorably slipshod. Possibly this is a subtle touch of art, being in keeping with the style in which women write confidentially about each other.

To wile away the tedium of a railway journey, let me confidently recommend *A Studio Mystery*, by FRANK AUBREY, published by JARROLD AND SONS. It is pocketable, honestly, and clearly printed, two excellent qualities in a book to be selected as the companion of your evening journey by rail, "when the lights are low"; moreover, it is a mystery which the genuine romance-reader will penetrate at once, though to ascertain the means whereby discovery is brought about will keep him thoroughly interested to the end. By the very fact of the mystery being made so clear, the reader is, from time to time, put off the right track, and is inclined to think that he must be mistaken. It belongs to the series called "The Daffodil Library," which sounds a bit æsthetic; but do not be put off by this. To those fond of a "sensation," the Baron says, "Read *A Studio Mystery*."

Perpetua, by BARING GOULD, is an interesting novel, to which the author-actor-manager who carries *The Sign of the Cross* triumphantly all over the country, should turn his attention when in search of another ecclesiastical-dramatical subject for a new Early Christian play. He will do well, however, at the same time, to consult WISEMAN'S *Fabiola*, NEWMAN'S *Callista*, and, to be accurate in details, ROSSI'S work on the Catacombs. He may also follow Mr. BARING GOULD'S example, and, after selecting certain passages from the well-known PALEY'S *Evidences*, he can turn them into

blank verse, should he have a talent for this impressive style, and then appropriately place the lines in the mouth of the excellent, but slightly prosy, *Bishop Castor*. Perhaps BULWER'S *Last Days of Pompeii* may also be of some assistance. If only the simple question as to the origin of evil with which *Friday* posed *Robinson Crusoe* could have been brought in, and answered satisfactorily by *Castor*, then this novel would obtain a world-wide reputation and unprecedented sale. As it is, it is mildly interesting, but "unconvincing." The Bishop is apparently conscious of being a bit of a bore, and so, in the midst of a lengthy discourse, he diffidently requests to be allowed "to say something further, if I do not weary you." Whereupon *Æmilius Varro*, a man of pleasure, and a lawyer, not to be outdone in courtesy, replies, "Not at all. You astonish me too much to weary me," and thereby, as one never loses by politeness, he lets himself in for a further continuation of the episcopal dissertation. One of the best written scenes in the novel is the description of *Deacon Baudillas* in the rat-pit. Should Mr. WILSON BARRETT elect to play the Deacon, what a sensation his fight with the rats would cause if he were only sufficiently terrier-fied! The last scene of the miraculous snow-storm is an admirable climax, and would give opportunity for such scenic effect as has not been seen on the stage since the volcanic days of *Claudian* at the Princess's.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

Song of "the Missing Sportsman."

How happy could I be on heather,
A-shooting at grouse all the day,
If only the birds in high feather
Would not, when I shoot, fly away!

DEFINITION OF A "CLEARANCE SALE."—Going out as one of a party in a sailing-boat full of trippers at two shillings a head.



Our Own Undergraduate (fresh from his Euclid). "Ha! Two Riders to One Prop."

WHEEL WICTIMS!

(Some Paragraphs strayed from the "St. J-m-s's G-z-lls.")

THE long and terrible list of bicycling accidents, which (at this time of year) we publish daily, still continues to grow. The latest batch is even more alarming than usual, and proves conclusively that no one with the smallest respect for their safety should ever be induced to ride a bicycle. There are some persons who seem unable to relish any amusement that is not fraught with peril, but to such we would recommend bathing in the whirlpools of Niagara as, on the whole, a less dangerous recreation.

FROM the highland village of Tittledrummie comes the news of one terrible disaster. As JAMES MACRANKY, a youth of fifteen, was attempting to mount his machine for the first time in his father's garden, the unfortunate lad lost his balance and was precipitated into the middle of a gooseberry-bush, with the result that his right hand was severely scratched. Although he is still alive at present, it is highly probable that he will develop symptoms of blood-poisoning in consequence of his misadventure, when tetanus will certainly supervene, and the fatal bicycle will have brought one more victim to a premature death.

WHAT might have been a fatal accident was averted by the merest chance in Kensington on Monday last. According to an eye-witness of the thrilling scene, a young lady was riding by herself (a dangerous practice which we have repeatedly censured) along the Cromwell Road, when a hansom-cab suddenly appeared, advancing rapidly in the opposite direction. With marvellous nerve the young lady guided her machine to the left-hand side of the road while the cab was still fifty yards from her, and was thus enabled to pass it in safety. But supposing she had lost her nerve in this alarming crisis, and had steered straight for the horse's feet, she could only have escaped destruction by a miracle.

WE are loth to inflict too many of these gruesome stories upon our readers, so we will add only one more for the present, which

may well serve as a warning to those who tour in districts unknown to them. A party of ladies and gentlemen made an expedition on bicycles last week in the neighbourhood of Beachborough. Being unfamiliar with the locality, they dismounted at a point where two cross-roads met, and hesitated as to which direction they should take. By a providential chance, they decided to keep to the left, and so reached their destination in safety. Afterwards they learned with horror that had they chosen the other road, ridden two miles along it, turned to the right, and then to the left again, they would have found themselves close to the edge of the cliff, from which there is a sheer drop of six hundred feet to the beach beneath! And there are still some foolish persons who attempt to deny the awful perils of cycling!

THE *Daily Telegraph* publishes a list of "Settling Days," which is probably very useful to natives and settlers. But how about a list of "Unsettling Days"? Prominent in the list would be birthdays, wedding-days, quarter-days, Lord Mayor's days, civic banquet days, Bank Holidays, of course, and many other days, including nights, which have always been recognised as distinctly "unsettling."

THE "EX-M.P." who wrote to the *Times* complaining that the railway-rates for "bikes" were enormously high, evidently wished to be "ex-m-p-ted." But most certainly the freight-charges for bicycling ought to be higher than for ordinary luggage. "Take it up tenderly, treat it with care," should be the rule, and bikers wishing to travel by train should arrive early and give the porters every chance.

MRS. MUDDLE (of the great MUDDLEHEAD family) cannot recollect what the striking cartoon of RAPHAEL's was that she saw in Rome, but thinks it represented Saint PAUL preaching on the Asparagus. (Query "Areopagus"?)

LUCKY DOG.—The man without a penny who is engaged to "The Lord Mayor's Ward," Miss Farringdon Within.

MENTALITY v. EMOTION.

[“In future, people marrying are to be guided by Mentality and not by Emotion. . . . A society has been formed to promote these principles.”
Daily Chronicle.]

You've heard the latest, darling FLO?

Was ever such a notion?

Now, when we marry, we must go

By bumps and not emotion.

Of course Mamma has caught the craze,

And felt our bumps and noses,

And vows, whatever faults I raise,

I must have Mr. MOSES.

It's all in vain I plead that JACK

Is clever. They say not, FLO;

They say he shows an utter lack

Of size and weight. It's rot, FLO!

Of course he is not like the Jew,

A great, fat, ugly porpoise,

But size and weight! Why, he pulled two

When B. N. C. bumped Corpus!

Then his adhesiveness is slight,

And so is concentration;

Why, he can dance with me all night

Without the least cessation.

And for adhesiveness! Why, FLO,

They would feel precious geese, if

I told how JACK can kiss—he's so

Delightfully adhesive!

Thank goodness, JACK has got no bumps

Upon his dear old forehead,

For MOSES, with his nasty lumps,

Is horrid—simply horrid.

No! Ma, of course, is free to pick

According to her notions,

But as for me, I mean to stick

To good old-world emotions.

SUBJECT FOR AN UP-TO-DATE PICTURE.—
"LABBY," M.P., worried by the Hesian fly.

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,—So regardless of past favours is the Majority of Mankind, that not only you, my ever esteemed Patron, but also most of your readers, have probably forgotten that the Impecunious Prophet of the Sport of Kings was enabled this time last year to supply an augury with regard to that noble Handicap, the Cesarewitch, such as was calculated to enable one and all to wash down the appetising flesh of the Colchian bird with copious draughts of the joyous vintage of Champagne. I will not accuse you or others, who profited by my advice then and since, with Ingratitude. Rather will I ascribe their remissness in the matter of remittances to that intoxication of Feeling, which invariably follows the Glory of Triumph.

Just ten years ago I knew a young Aristocrat, who, broken on the Wheel of Fortune, approached me with tears in his deep blue eyes, and implored me, if possible, to give him that information which was calculated to enable him to supply himself with bread and cheese and bitter beer, and his family with coals and blankets, during the rigour of the approaching Winter. Touched by the misery of his condition, I provided him there and then with *Hume*wood for the Cesarewitch, and *Gloriation*, at forty golden shekels to one, for the Cambridgeshire. Could human divination have probed the mysteries of the Future to greater advantage? My young Aristocrat was saved from starvation, and possibly a prolonged sojourn in HER MAJESTY'S Castle of Holloway! "Was he grateful?" will naturally be your query, when you consider the magnificence of that superb Double Event. Alas! I can truthfully state that the only recompense which he vouchsafed to send me took the shape of a brace of patriarchal grouse, which had perhaps escaped from the Ark. Last week, at Leicester, my young Aristocrat did not even recognise my features, as he elbowed his way past me to the Paddock, clad in an irreproachable Newmarket coat, and armed with a cigar as long as a Torpedo Boat. I often think, Sir, that BELISARIUS must have been no general, but a prophet about chariot-racing.

Similarly, when, last year, I distributed *St. Bris* with the freedom of a professional gamester dealing cards, and ten to one romped home at the hands of Kempton Cannon, but few of those *honoraria* that grateful clients usually press upon their professional advisers came into my possession.

In all delicacy, I forbear, honoured Sir, to continue this subject, because I have since learnt from a Prodigious Penciller, that some of the *highest* and *mightiest* about the office of Mr. Punch were not above following the recommendation of the humble Vates. *Verb. sap.*, as they say in the classics. There is also an English adage, which runs, "It is never too late to mend," admirably illustrated in romance and drama by the late Mr. CHARLES READE. You, Sir, could prove its truth more privately, but quite as effectively, the more so, as the same P. P. informs me that the Winner of the Duke of York Stakes was peacefully reposing up your sleeve till such time as the race was run.

And now to the business of the Bard. Let me remind you and yours that the



"OF COURSE, I KNOW YOU DON'T NEED ONE, BUT IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO HEAR OF ANY ONE WANTING A WELL-BRED PUPPY, THINK OF ME, DON'T YOU KNOW."

Cesarewitch is this year run upon the thirteenth day of the month, and on the eve of the Natal Day of Sir WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT, and of the anniversary of the Battle of Hastings. I am not one to believe that these dispiriting influences will interfere with the success of the Handicap, so I boldly plunge, like an experienced diver, into the troubled waters of Prejudgment, and herewith sing—

I have no fear of Asteroid,
No Jacobean for me,
One Saint, I fear, is null and void,
But the Second looks well to be.
The Judicious Lover may run right well,
And the Man of the Sun go free,
And the Rush on the Grange may the Market swell,
But I'll stand by the Son of the Sea,
With, given a start for Jack of the Mart,
To finish in one, two, three.

There! the weary brain is at rest for a brief period, the goose-quill drops from the digits of the Poet, and once more the Promethean fire flickers as it dies from the brow of

Your devoted henchman and heeler,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—I have reason to believe that a Certain Noble Lord to whom I confided the excellence of *Corkerene* at Leicester has forwarded a case of *extra sec* addressed to your office. I have grave doubts as to the honesty of some of your officials. Hence this hint.

NATURAL HISTORY.—THE HORSE.

THE noblest conquest which the horse has ever made is that of man, that spirited and haughty animal which shares with him the fatigues of war and the glory of the combat. Consider how man, from the cradle to the grave, is absorbed in devotion to the equine race. When mewling and puking in his nurse's arms, he agitates his own little limbs, and appeals frantically to the passing "gee-gee." As he grows older, he becomes further and further involved in some form of horse worship. The most deified type of horse is the Race-horse. Each one of these glorified beings has its attendant suite of men and boys to perform the sacred rites. "Jokkies" and "Grewms" represent respectively a higher and lower order of priesthood, with acolytes known as "Stabel-bhoys." Immense are the sacrifices that have been made in this system of worship. There also exists a missionary order known as "Bookkiz." They speak an occult language, which is closely studied by a large and earnest-minded section of humankind. A talismanic virtue is attributed to certain formulae, such as "Tentowuninarphkrowns." The Great Successful Chief of all the Bookkiz is "Ibak the Vinnar."

All this is interesting as showing that the horse is an animal that ago cannot stale nor motor-cars exterminate.



COMPENSATION.

She. "I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOU'VE LOST YOUR PATIENT, DR. JONES."
He. "BUT HE WAS ILL A LONG, LONG TIME!"

Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

BORN, 1817. DIED, OCT. 6, 1897.

FOUR-score the years that crowned your head, and still

In labour, not in sorrow, passed their strength!

Untired the genial hand and steadfast will
Yield up their task at length.

With generous love, forestalling Death's bequest,

From out your treasure-stores of youth and age

Living, you gave your country of your best,
A royal heritage!

Of lesser claims we know the noisy cry;
Yours were the gifts too great to ask our praise:

You reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye"
In life's sequestered ways.

The faded history of courts and kings
Touched by your spell took on its former hue;

You made the daily art of common things
Fresh as the morning dew.

And Punch, who knew you early for his friend,

When friends were rare and fortune yet to know,

Still cherishes the charm your fancies lend
His page of long ago.

Take, for he brings you, mindful of the past,

This token, witness to a comrade's grief,
Mourning the noble heart that lies at last
Dead with the dying leaf.

PRIVILEGED PERSONS.—Billiard players
who put on "side" and pocket all they
can get.

"DIET UNLIMITED."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As a general thing, I don't read the papers much—except yours, of course—because they're full of politics and all that kind of thing, so that, bar the cricket and footer news, they are precious uninteresting. But lately I noticed that one of them, by some fluke, had a lot of letters on a really important subject; they were headed, "The Feeding at the Public Schools." Some of them were most awful rot, and I wrote to the editor, and told him he must be a silly juggins to print such drivel; but he hasn't published my letter yet. One chap wrote to say that schoolboys were "pampered with luxuries in these days." Just let him come and try the Sunday stodge here. But, to make up, there were one or two letters that were first-class, and I cut one out and left it on old BACS' desk, so I hope he may read it. It says that it is scandalous that boys should be driven to buy for themselves the food with which their housemasters should supply them. This is quite true, and BACS ought to supply me with all the Turkish Delight I want. Then the letter goes on: "It is unreasonable to expect growing boys to use and develop their brain-power satisfactorily unless they are afforded a generous and liberal diet." Mr. Punch, that man is really sensible, and I jolly well wish he was my tutor instead of BACS. "A generous and liberal diet!" Sardines, and marmalade, and ices, and cocoa, and potted meat, and bananas, and sausage-rolls—why am I not given these? And when I buy them with my hard-earned pocket-money, they don't understand that I only wish to develop my brain-power. Only yesterday one of the masters called me a "greedy little pig," because he found me eating butter-scotch. Had my tongue not been engaged at that moment, I would have explained that butter-scotch runs you up more brain-power than anything else, and that I was only eating it in order to do well in school, and be a credit to my dear parents. It is true that I came out bottom of my form last term. Why was that? BACS—who is a beast—said it was "incurable idleness." I know now that it was nothing of the kind; it was simply because I had no chocolate creams for a fortnight before the end of the term, and my brain-power for the exams. suffered in consequence. You can't call a diet "generous and liberal" if it has no chocolate creams in it.

And now I'll give you my own opinion about this most important question. The beginning of the term is all right, fellows bring back grub with them, and they've got money as well to buy more. But it's quite different later on, when everyone's more or less stony-broke. In fact, though we've only been back three weeks, I fear that my brain-power won't develop satisfactorily much longer; I finished the last pot of strawberry jam last night. I am sure that you will agree that it would be a great pity if I didn't get my remove at the end of this term, and my only chance is a generous and liberal diet. This is, in fact, why I am writing to you. I'm sure that you or some of your readers would like to help me, and all they have to do is to send me a fair-sized hamper once a week or so. My brain-power specially needs potted shrimps, Turkish Delight, and dessert biscuits. Or, if you like to send me the cash, I'll buy the things myself.

Yours affectionately,
Poppleton College. JONES MINOR.



LENDING A HAND.

AMEER. "ALLOW ME TO ASSIST YOU!"
JOHN BULL. "THANKS, VERY MUCH, BUT IT'S PRETTY WELL UNDER, NOW!"



GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

Preserver of Game. "HULLO! BLESS MY LIFE! A BRACE OF FOXES! WHY, THEY MUST HAVE BEEN TURNING THEM DOWN."
M.F.H. (having a day amongst the turnips). "OH, NO, THEY ARE YOURS, OF COURSE."
Preserver of Game (forgetting his company). "THAT I'M SURE THEY ARE NOT!"



A LIGHT O' LEITH.

"Tak' awa' yon bauble, Mon. Tak' it oot o' my sight. It only cost yin (one) and sarpence."

[The Provost of Leith submitted the Jubilee Medal to the Leith Town Council last week. He called it a bauble, and said he was disappointed with it, the value being only eighteenpence or two shillings. He was astonished that Lord Balfour of Burleigh should send such a thing to the Provost of Leith!]

HIBERNATING OPERA.

WHERE am I? Royal Italian Opera House, Covent Garden. No! Not Italian Opera? True. Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Ah! But opera is going on, and where Opera, there are the stalls and no pit. Here, pit and just a few rows of stalls. Well, you see, we don't go in for

"smartness," but for popularity. Ah! just so, and as far as one can judge, you've succeeded so far in popularising this operatic entertainment. A good house, too. By all means let us have Opera at fairly reasonable prices. Only wish the notion would catch on, and that a theatre could be kept going for this purpose exclusively, as a "paying concern," all the year round. We begin with *La Bohème*. Rather, not very, appropriate. A Bohemian season. PUCCINI'S *La Bohème* is well received. Then on Tuesday comes *Faust*, with Mr. LLOYD D'AUBIGNE, a very successful *Faust*, Mr. LEMPRIERE PRINGLE a musically first-rate *Mephistopheles*, but "made up" as ineffectively as an ignorant apothecary might make up a London physician's prescription. *Valentine*, nervous, but good. *Marguerite*, Miss ALICE ESTY, whose charming voice was somewhat discounted by her amateurish performance. *Siebel*, good, and Mme. AMADI a really substantial *Martha*. A good start, and we wish the Carl Rosa Opera Company good luck.

Carmen at Covent Garden on Thursday. English version of Italian Opera, with slightly foreign accent, both M. BROZEL, a first-rate *José*, and Mlle. OLITZKA, as a really excellent *Carmen*, having a struggle with "English as she is spoke" and sung. Miss LILLIAN COOMER'S charming performance of simple *Michaela* was rewarded with a magnificent bouquet. Messrs. WILLIAM DEVERS and FRANK WOOD capital as *Dancairo* and *Remendado*. M. SEFFILL kept orchestra well together. House crammed, jammed. Applause enthusiastic. "Come to Covent Garden, MAUD!"

Mrs. MUDDLE can't get it right. She would say, "Present company always expected."



[At a meeting of the Court of Common Council at the Guildhall, Major WOODEN JUNE, the Assistant Commissioner, stated that the control of the Cycle traffic in the City was a source of great trouble. Personally he could not say what steps would be taken to remedy the evil.]—Might we offer a suggestion? Why not elevate it?



HIS VERY LATEST APPEARANCE!

THE TRIFLE ALLE—I BEG PARDON, THE THREE-CARD TRICK—PUZZLE, "TO FIND THE KNAVE"—WAS AN ENORMOUS SUCCESS.

["During his recent visit to the Emperor of AUSTRIA, WILLIAM THE SECOND is said to have revealed himself in quite a new light. After the State Banquet, when the two Sovereigns and a few favoured guests retired to enjoy a quiet cigar, His Majesty produced a couple of packs of cards, and amused the company with conjuring tricks."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GREEN.

In history, which records the lives
Of Kings (and others), we are told
How HENRY—he that had the wives—
Met FRANCIS on a Field of Gold;
There must have been a reason why they
met,
But that, and all the details, I forget.
Though distances were then the same
Both here and out in foreign parts,
The times were still a little lame
In point of locomotive arts;
And monarchs seldom trusted, as to-day,
Unless they had a lot of things to say.
But now the task of touring round
Is expedited by the rail,
And fresh facilities abound
For transport on a cheapened scale;
Then, too, relationships are much improved,
Since all are cousins-german—or removed.
And so together, King and King,
They picnic nearly every week;
They shoot the chamois on the wing,
And buss each other on the cheek;
And this, as "Honest JOHN" would have
us see,
All makes for peace and beauteous har-
mony.
Pretty it was to mark the play
Of Rulers reeking from the chase,
When GERMANY the other day
Put up at AUSTRIA's little place;

The rendezvous (unlike the Field at
Guinnes)
Was here upholstered with a Cloth of
Green.

Dinner was over; host and guest
Were full enough of meat and drink;
Each had rehearsed the very best
Old platitudes without a wink;
They then adjourned (see authorized
report)
With kindred spirits of the choicer sort.

Here followed something which, for me,
I find it simple to believe;
For at this juncture GERMANY
Produced a parcel from his sleeve,
And looking round with affable regards
Undid a duplicated pack of cards.

He dealt them with the airy flick
That lighter-fingered folk affect;
Not any flaw in any trick
Could anybody there detect;
Which shows that WILLIAM managed better
than
AN SIN himself, and he a Chinaman!

Dispensing with external aids
He bade the chosen card appear,
And once he palmed the deuce of spades
Behind the lobe of AUSTRIA's ear;
And once with brilliant gestures drew the
pack
From somewhere down a Ducal Person's
back.

Unblushing he would force a card,
Or hold it up his hollowed hand,
For he had practised long and hard
To keep his plastic features bland;
But all his crowning skill he seemed to
save
For that performance where you "trace
the Knave."

Three cards suffice: a deal is done,
Each being laid upon its face;
The betting odds are two to one
You miss the card you want to trace;
This trick is very trying to the brain,
As I have noticed in a railway-train.

The Knave, disguised in Prussian blue,
For partners had a pair of Kings;
And WILLIAM, doing all he knew,
So dexterously worked the things,
That all the company was sore perplexed
To gather where the Knave was going
next.

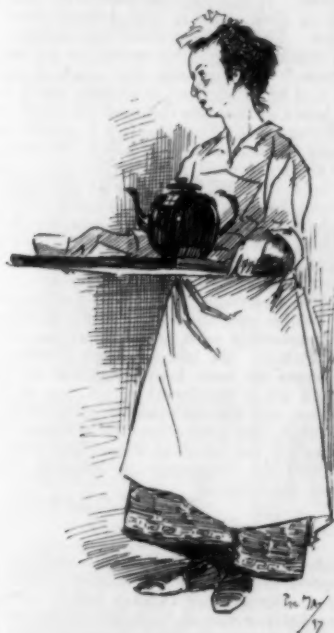
The claims of space forbid me to
Enlarge upon his other tricks,
Symbols, I take it, of a new
And fearful phase in politics;
They tell me he aspires to be the crack
Shuffler of all the European pack.

I dare believe it. Some may hope
The KAISER's bolt will soon be shot;
They limit his prodigious scope;
I must confess that I do not;
Close study of his nature proves there is
No end to WILLIAM's possibilities.

UNLIMITED LOUIE IN SOHO.

Oh! *Susannah!* at the Royalty Theatre, is a mixture of materials familiar to most playgoers. Such plot as there is seems to be a variation on the Charley's Aunt theme, *Susannah* being, in this case, John's aunt. And yet the title should have been *Aurora*, a character henceforth to be identified only with Miss LOUIE FREEAR, who, as the "slavey," is a Rosson in petticoats. But as such a comparison can be interesting only to middle-aged playgoers, suffice it that Miss LOUIE FREEAR's impersonation of a lodging-house drudge, a species of the genus "Marchioness" immortalised by DICKENS in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, is so remarkable as to convert a very ordinary "farical comedy" into an extraordinary attraction. Oddly enough, the part of the soft-hearted, self-sacrificing, cockney lodging-house maid-of-all-work is, apparently, not essential to the meagre story, strung together by three authors, Messrs. MARK AMBRIENT, ATWOOD, and VAUN, which could be worked out by all the other characters without *Aurora's* assistance; and it is not in depreciation of Mr. CHARLES GLENNEY's energetic efforts as the young doctor, nor of the ever-amusing eccentricities of Mr. ALFRED MALTRY as a kind of Pecksniffian father (admirably made up), to say, that work as hard as they may, the piece would not be worth consideration but for Miss LOUIE FREEAR as *Aurora*.

Strange that this "Farical Comedy" is for the poor servant-girl a very tragedy; for laugh, as all must, at her slatternly appearance, and at the slipshod vulgarity of her manners, yet it is impossible not to be touched by her kindness of heart, by



"All for 'im!"

her devotion to her ideal love, and by the cruel disillusioning revelation which, at the supreme moment when she is decked out in all her poor finery, fully expecting to become her darling doctor's bride, wrings



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. XVI.

"TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND WHERE THE HEART CAN NEVER BE!"

from her broken heart the despairing cry, "Then I'm a widow," as she falls fainting on the floor, and the curtain rapidly descends. This is tragedy, and if we were not constrained to laugh, by reason of the absurdity of the object of our compassion, we should cry. As it is, "She's a poor pauper, whom nobody owns," and for whom not one of the principal characters in the story evinces the slightest regard.

A very little strengthening of the conventional part of the Doctor's Page, played by Miss CLARA JACKS, might have turned this character into a sort of *Sam Huxter*, whose good-natured efforts at consolation, after *Pen's* desertion, lightened up the pale and grief-stricken countenance of hapless little *Fanny*, and whom she ultimately married.

Unlimited LOUIE FREEAR saves and makes the piece; and, as this is of course what the combined authors intended, they must be congratulated on their sagacity. There is a brilliant season in prospect for the Royalty as long as this bright particular star *Aurora* is shining.

A PROFESSOR of astronomy says that his services are so poorly paid that he is almost a case of star-vation, so he has taken to astrology instead, and now makes a considerable income by star-telling revelations.

WHAT IS LUGGAGE?

[The Magistrates have decided that a abman is not entitled to charge for carrying a bicycle on his cab, inasmuch as it is not luggage within the meaning of the Act.—*Vide Daily Paper.*]

MISS AMELIA FITTERKINS was summoned by WILLIAM GROWLER, who claimed twopence in respect of a large cage, containing a poll-parrot. The learned magistrate held that neither the cage nor the parrot were luggage within the meaning of the Act. Summons dismissed.

GEORGE HANSOM, a cabman, was summoned for refusing to move on. Defendant explained that he had been ordered by a gentleman to drive him to the Zoological Gardens, and that on the roof of his cab he carried a box containing a crocodile. On arriving, the gentleman refused to pay an extra twopence for the box or the crocodile. Professor WALKER, the well-known traveller, corroborated the cabman's statement. Summons dismissed; but the magistrate, in the proceedings against Professor WALKER, decided that complainant was not entitled to make any charge for the crocodile, it not being luggage within the meaning of the Act, nor was the Professor responsible for the box which the crocodile was in, as that was clearly the luggage of the crocodile.



THE PASTIME OF CYCLING, AS IT IS LIKELY TO BE IN SOME PLACES BEFORE VERY LONG!

ABROAD IN THE AUTUMN.

Munich.—Imagine the patience of over 350,000 people who say willingly, frequently, and at full length, two such appalling words as *Glyptothek* and *Pinakothek*! Is it the stolid indifference of the Teutonic race, or the good-natured patience of the Bavarians, which has made them refrain from any abbreviation? Impossible to say—like the words at first. Even Germans from neighbouring cities, accustomed to such fearful sounds and to unending syllables as well as to adjectival phrases of staggering length, which the newly in Germany arrived stranger puzzle, struggle with them in anguish. Englishmen, pronouncing the barbarous names in the Anglo-Greek manner, are equally astray. Unaided by a knowledge of the derivation a stranger might imagine that two places with such names were, at the best, a lunatic asylum and a mortuary. Compare, in the French language, *la Morgue*, which sounds positively pretty. Only an extremely *solider Herr*, a placid drinker of endless tankards of Munich beer, would use such names. They are all very solid gentlemen here, and so contented with the second name that they use it twice, for the *Alte* and the *Neue*.

The *Pinakotheks*, Old and New, are galleries of painting.

While Greek and Roman statues fill the harmless *Glyptothek*. Nothing worse. No fear of delicately-nurtured women fainting, Nor will courageous men, aghast, to flight on tiptoe take.

They are certainly patient people here. They have carts—especially brewers' drays—so enormously long, that the length of them is greater than the width of the average roadway. When one of them crosses a street, all the traffic is stopped; when it has to turn a corner the horses are in the shop windows on one side and the back of the cart sweeps all the foot-passengers off the pavement on the opposite side. But no one complains. In England the windlass is a simple appliance for hoisting materials in a new building. It seems unknown here. A horse is attached to the rope, and is led along the street. As the iron girder, or whatever it may be, reaches the fourth or fifth story, yards and yards of rope stretch along the roadway behind the horse. The traffic is stopped, the foot-passengers and the brewers' drays, now companions in misfortune, are together swept aside, but no one complains. Here all the hard work of the bricklayers' assistants is done by women. They look very sturdy. They do not complain. But the grandest instance of patience is the game of *Bier*. In England we sit and play at whist or chess, some even at backgammon or poker; in France dominoes wile away the idle hours, but in Bavaria the grandest game is *Bier*. It is a simple game. You sit and smoke, and drink till you can drink no more. It has not the science of chess, or the animation of poker, but it is the favourite pastime of the country for all that. Elsewhere, drinking is ridiculously associated with thirst. Here the

two are absolutely distinct. A foreigner cannot hope to see the end of the game. He leaves off when the native has hardly begun, or for him it would be *Bier*, in German, at the beginning, and *bier*, in English, at the end.

I observe in several shops a series of books for learning languages without a teacher. They include "*Englisch*" and "*Amerikanisch*," two separate tongues. Unhappily, omit to buy one of the latter, and so lose the chance of learning the language. Shall always regret this. Would be so useful when travelling.

I go over the Royal Palace. It can only be visited at eleven, daily, and everyone must go then. There are perhaps fifty of us, mostly patient Germans. There is one American family. I always pity the American children, eight, or seven, or six years old, dragged over "*Yewrope*." In this case the smallest child cannot be more than five, and he is such an extremely small boy that he is lost among the boots of the crowd before we start. If only I had bought those dialogues in *Amerikanisch* I might have urged his "*Poppa*" to leave the infant at the hotel. However, he is discovered, and we are conducted round. We see a vast number of rooms, mostly ugly, and the farther we go the smaller they become. The American baby is lost and found regularly. His cap has vanished, his hair is brushed over his face, his little jacket is nearly pulled off him, but he is a brave child. He does not cry, he does not complain, he does not even speak. In his tiny breast there glows the silent, Spartan spirit of the American tourist. He will do the place thoroughly. He sees nothing but the boots of the Germans, but he goes on indomitably. However small the room all the party naturally wish to see it, as they have paid for admission to the Palace. At last we reach a room, a cabinet, so tiny that it seems to have been designed for the American infant. He would fill it comfortably. A few of the fifty squeeze in, he with them, and the rest look sullenly at their backs from outside. And still that marvellous child comes out alive! He is not even injured, for later on I see him hurried round the *Alte Pinakothek*, from *PERUGINO* to *RUBENS*, from *MURILLO* to *DURER*, untired, undaunted.

ROBINSON THE ROVER.

SIR HENRY'S SUGGESTION.—SIR HENRY IRVING has said that a millionaire would make a good use of some of his money were he to pay companies of Players.—SIR HENRY AND CO., as he himself suggests, among them,—to enliven the distressed outlying agricultural districts. One of SHAKESPEARE'S plays must at least be invariably omitted, as every county can already show any number of "*Hamlets*."

WHAT herb would represent a crest for "*CARTER, PATTERSON & Co.*"? Parsley (parcellly).

On October 2—A Revelation.

Mr. Giblets (to Young Housewife). May I sell you a brace of pheasants, madam?

Young Housewife. No, thank you, Mr. GIBLETS, they can hardly be in condition yet.

Mr. Giblets (quite seriously). Pardon me, madam, but apparently you are unacquainted with the new and speedy process of ripening game.

[Young Housewife falls into the trap, and also into hot water with her worse half at dinner-time.]

A Dubious Compliment.

Rector's Wife (after Harvest Festival). Well, Mrs. FIGGLESWADE, how did you like the Bishop's sermon?

Mrs. Figgleswade. Oh! ma'am, I ain't been so much upset since my old man took me to the Variety Theatre in London last August twelvemonth, and 'eard a gen'lman sing about his grandmother's cat.

HOW SEALY!—Sir, would not the appropriate representative of British interests at the Seal-Fishery Conference be the Rt. Hon. SEALE-HAYNE, M.P.? Yours,


HANWELLIO EARLSWOOD.

Notyet Court, Scilly Isles.

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